



MRS. PENMAN'S CHILD-RHYMES
AND OTHER RECITATIONS

PRINTED AND BOUND
BY
THE ARTS & CRAFTS PRESS
SAN DIEGO, CAL.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



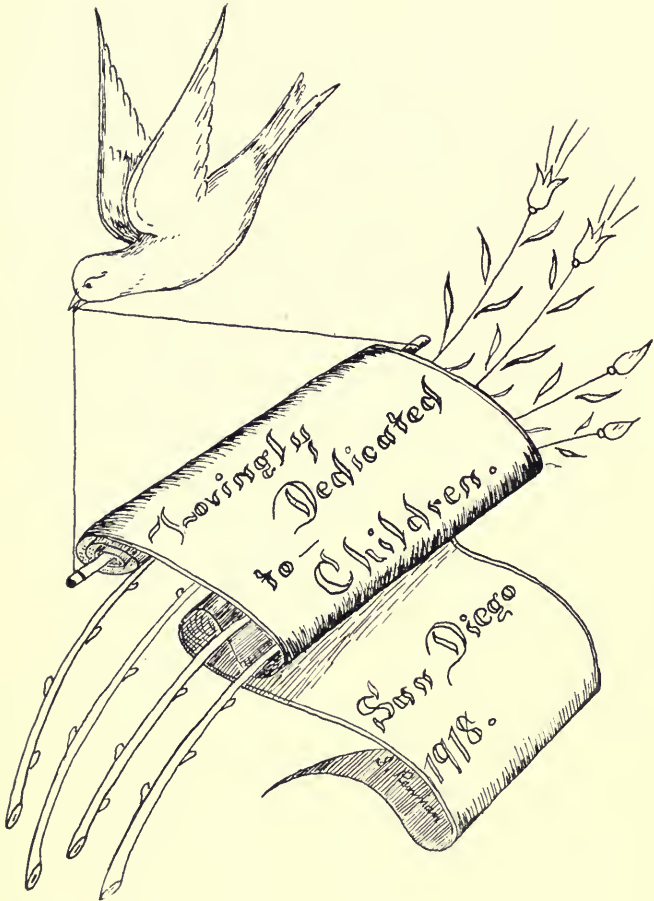
CHILD-RHYMES and OTHER RECITATIONS

By
SATELLA JAKUES PENMAN



With Illustrations by
MILDRED GILL, DONNA BAILEY, C. HORNBLEN
AND THE AUTHOR

Copyright 1918
By
Satella Jaques Penman
San Diego, Cal.



Very many of the poems in this book are republished by the courtesy of the editors of the following publications :

THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE, Manistee, Mich.

THE DAILY TIMES-ECHO, Eureka Springs, Ark.

ROCK RAPIDS REPORTER, Iowa

THE LABOR LEADER, San Diego, Calif.

BOISE UNION, Boise, Idaho

ROCK RAPIDS REVIEW, Iowa

REDONDO REFLEX, California

EDITOR'S WORD

Probably the most cherished memories of our childhood days are the happy hours we spent listening to some older folk reading or telling child stories in both verse and prose.

In this little book of poems, there will be found stories in word and picture that will not only amuse the little ones, but will prove a great help in the development of the child's sense of rhythm.

The author has used rare judgment in compiling this book of gems for the understanding of the young mind, as each poem conveys a beautiful thought, explained in such a clear and comprehensive manner.

Would that I could make each little mind,
Filled with thoughts of joy and glee;
For the great pleasures of life are for those who can find
A way to make merry the moments that flee.

CONTENTS

A DREAM TRAGEDY.....	63
A BREAKER.....	111
A PLEA FOR BARE LITTLE FEET.....	172
A SAMSON.....	151
A WAR DIAMOND AND ITS SETTING.....	178
BRINGING THE BABY.....	29
BABY MY BABY.....	31
BABY'S LESSON.....	57
BILLY GOT IT.....	69
BIRDIE DON'T DO IT.....	137
BACK AGAIN IN CALIFORNIA.....	153
BOYS CIRCUS.....	35
CUT IT OUT.....	120
DONNY AND THE STORM.....	43
DAD QUIT IT.....	75
DEATH	164
DEW ON RAGWEED.....	107
EXAMPLES	89
ECHO	123

CONTENTS—Continued

FORWARD	19
FREEDOM FOR ALL.....	182
GOD'S EVERLASTING NOW.....	163
HER EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.....	126
IN THOUGHT-LAND	124
LEONARD AND LETTIE.....	59
LOSING FAITH IN MOTHER.....	103
LIFE'S JOURNEY.....	149
MY ROSE.....	21
MEDITATION	119
MOVING ON.....	127
MY ARABIAN MARE ZAMBIA.....	141
MARGARET	165
OUTSIDE OF PLATTER CLEAN.....	91
OBSTACLES	173
PEPPERMINT AND HORSEMINT.....	45
PENANCE	71
PUSSY-WILLOWS AND BOB-CATS.....	93
PRAISE OR FAILURE HARM.....	109

CONTENTS—Continued

HER SEVEN.....	128
PURE WHITE LILLY.....	161
RAIN	73
REFLECTION	125
SOME-TIME	22
THE STORM KING.....	23
SMALL THINGS DECIDE GREAT WARS.....	97
SMILES	133
SAN DIEGO QUEEN OF CITIES.....	145
TRAINING THE BABY.....	32
THE REAL AND THE SEEMING.....	47
THOUGHTS	55
THE MOON.....	67
TEMPER	77
THEY COULDN'T FIND HER.....	79
THE SWEET REWARD.....	85
THE MASCOT.....	95
THOSE GIGGLES.....	105
THE SUN'S LITTLE COLLECTOR.....	132

CONTENTS—Continued

THE LOST JEWEL'S RETURN.....	135
THE HOSPITAL VISITOR.....	157
THE SUN NEVER SAW A SHADOW.....	159
THOUGHTS ARE THINGS.....	167
THE AWAKENING.....	171
THE SIDE OF RIGHT.....	180
UNDER THE RULE.....	99
WAR	53
WASH YOU MAKE YOU CLEAN.....	84
W. C. T. U. THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.....	175
"YE ARE GODS".....	131

ILLUSTRATIONS

LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO CHILDREN.....	7
ROSE	20
ROAD TO SOMETIME.....	22
SUMMER SKY	23
TORNADO	24
RAINBOW	25
BABIES	27
BABY'S BIRTHDAY	28
MOTHER AND BABE.....	30
CURLY LOCKS.....	32
YES, ME TEACHED HIM.....	33
BOYS HAD A CIRCUS, I WENT.....	34
BLESSED RED CROSSES.....	36
SOLDIER	37
MADE ELEPHANT.....	38
FEEDING THE ANIMALS.....	40
FEEDING TIME FOR ANIMALS.....	41
CATS UNDESSING.....	41
SEE THE LIGHTNING GOIN' THROUGH IT.....	42
BOYS AND PONY PINTO.....	44

ILLUSTRATIONS—Continued

HORSEMINT	46
THINGS I 'MEMBER HAVE BEEN.....	47
UPHILL ON HIS SLED.....	48
DOLLY'S HEAD FIXED GOOD AND TIGHT.....	50
SOLDIERS MARCHING.....	52
ME AND MY DOLLIES.....	53
ON THE PORCH.....	55
I'S SORRY BOW WOW.....	56
YES MAMMA WE'LL KISS HIM.....	58
DOGGIE SAT BESIDE ME.....	60
I HITTED HER AND I'M SORRY.....	61
I HAVE TWO BROTHERS, BEN AND JOE.....	62
JOE WORKS HARD ALL DAY.....	64
THE MOON'S QUARTER FULL.....	66
MADAM HE'S GOT IT.....	68
I'M BAD NOW JANE WON'T PLAY WITH ME.....	70
LOOKS MORE LIKE TEARS THAN WATER.....	72
THEN I SAW MY DAD A WORKIN'.....	74
I'LL JUST QUIT A SAYIN' MY DEAR.....	75
THEN MAMMA SHE PUTS ME TO BED.....	76

ILLUSTRATIONS—Continued

GATHERING FLOWERS.....	79
DANNY, MA'S COMIN', OH, DON'T CRY.....	80
I'LL TELL IN A MINUTE.....	82
AND SEE WHAT THE DOLLIES WILL SAY.....	85
BOBBY DOLL SAYING GRACE.....	86
A SCOLDIN' EVERY DAY.....	88
TAKE TIME AND WIPE THEM SOME MORE.....	90
THEY'RE BOB-CATS NOW.....	92
CAT-TAIL FLAGS.....	93
OF COURSE THEM EYES SEE.....	94
WE'D USE THEM FOR OUR BOMBS.....	96
NO, YOU CAN'T DO AS YOU'D LIKE TO MY LAD.....	99
LIFE IS TO US ALL BUT A SCHOOL.....	100
SHE SAID SUCH A BOTHER TO CARRY ON SO.....	102
I GIGGLED TO GET THE QUIVER OUTSIDE.....	104
DINING IN A FINE HOTEL.....	106
FITTING WHITE CAPS TO MY BROW.....	110
ALL MY LENGTHENING LACY TRAIN.....	112
I'LL PLAY TAG WITH EVERYONE.....	114
SCAMPER CHILDREN UP THE BEACH.....	116

ILLUSTRATIONS—Continued

HI, YI BOYS AND LITTLE GIRLS.....	117
SORRY I'D BE I WELL KNEW IT.....	118
THE WOODLAND WAS DARKENING.....	122
PICTURES OF HER SEVEN.....	128-129
LEAF-FONDLED AND KISSED BY THE DEW.....	134
KINDLY SHE COAXED ME.....	136
HUSBAND DESPISES MY ZAMBIA.....	140
SAN DIEGO CITY.....	144
OVER DEVASTATED VALLEYS.....	146
A STORM AT SEA.....	148
LOS ANGELES RIVER.....	150
HUNTING MOONSTONES IN THE SAND.....	152
REDONDO BEACH.....	154
SURF ON THE SEAS.....	156
DROOPS A ROSE BEHIND A COLUMN.....	158
WEEPS A GRIEF BEHIND AN EVIL.....	159
PURE LILYS.....	160
THE OAK.....	162
NAVAJO INDIAN HOME.....	166
MRS. ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.....	168
END PIECE.....	184

FOREWORD

A classic?

I could not write one if I would.

I would not write one if I could.

For lovers are few of that wonderful art.

And many prefer a more simple part.

A few in the masses, may read what I write.

If I write what they know, that white is just white.

And not compel study to make it look whiter,

Or analyze thoughts to make them seem brighter.

SATELLA JAQUES PENMAN.

1918

San Diego, California.



MY ROSE

My rose! My rose! My pretty pink rose!
In the glow of the morning it started all red as the
green broke back.

Slowly it opened up large and pink. My radiant rose!
And bowed to the flowers, the trees and the sky;
And looking the world in the face, awaited the elements testing.

Gently the dew made test of its color,
Putting the test into jewels around it.
The wind and the rain drew from it more color;
But bravely, unbroken, though bending it stood it.
Came then the kisses of many days' suns;
Changing its petals, its pretty pink petals,
White in the sunlight, white in the shadow;
And white, pure white in the heart of a whirlwind,
That scattered them hither and thither.

On the hot sand fell one and protected a wing-broken,
famishing insect.

Into the water another became a boat for a drowning beetle.

Others all fluted and dried were found lining the
nest of a linnet.

Thus lowly, but loving, my rose
Gave gladly itself in helping.

SOMETIME

I started my Hope, my glad young Hope,
Away on the road to Sometime.
Oh, will it get lost in gloom and grope
And die, ere it reaches, Sometime?

I've waited so long for girlhood's dream,
With but a promise of "Sometime."
Oh, Hope! please tell me is there a gleam,
Showing the nearness of Sometime?





Summer Sky

THE STORM KING

Pouf! Heat of the desert!
You're rising yet higher!
Ha! Blast of the glaciers
Fall fiercely upon it.
Now, Friction! go gather
The steam of the sweating
The conflict will gender,
Where strike they each other;
And roll it in fleeces
Against the blue heaven,
 To blacken,
 While sinking,
 For action.

THE STORM KING



Tornado

Blow! Tempest! ye bugler;
My chariot's behind you!
All billowy white,
And abreast of the forces,
With foamy white horses,
And wheels of a cyclone!
Swift rolling, as lead we
The battle front lower,
For felling the timber,
And swirling the dust up;
While blowing,
Our trumpet,
For conquest.

THE STORM KING



The Rainbow

Ho! Prince of the Iceland!
Jack Frost! hurry hither!
Make bullets of water,
To hail devastation!
Aim straighter! ye lightnings!
Sah! Dazzle the vision.
Boom louder! ye thunders!
So! Shaking the heavens,
To loos'ning the torrents,
With booming of cannon,
And the ball-lightning
Shells explosion.

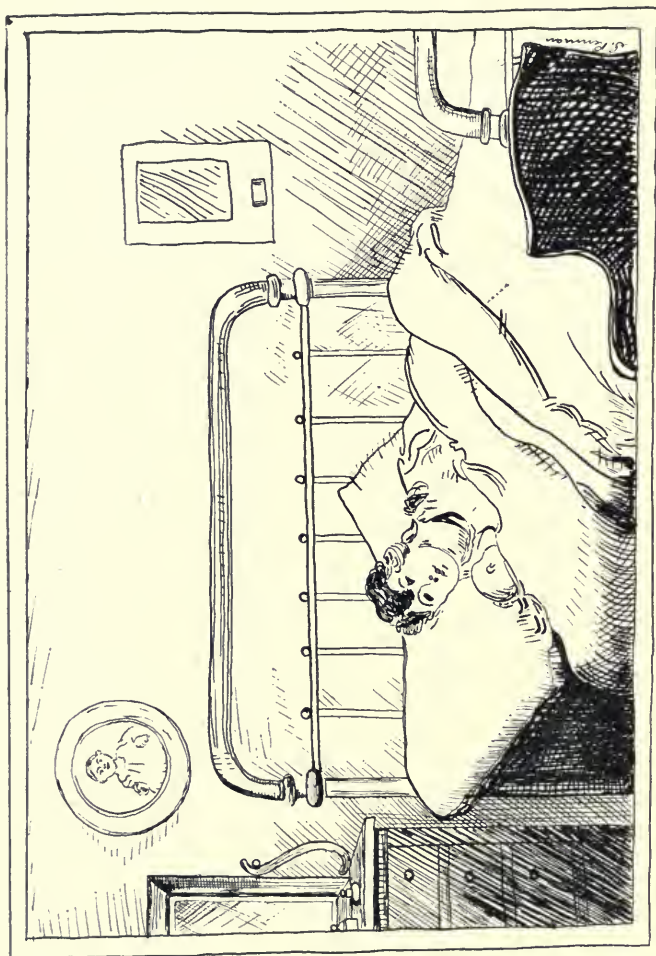
THE STORM KING

Ha! grain, and the flowers,
And apple trees kneeling;
The beasts loudly bellow,
And wild birds are calling,
And mothers are screaming
To terror-eyed children,
Who see chimneys throwing
Bricks into plate windows.

Wild shrieks the wind bugler,
While telephone wires
Ice fingers are thrumming
Wierd tones to our drumming;
 As over,
 Tin roofing,
 We gallop!

Upon the wild tumult,
The "Peace be Still!" falling,
Disperses our forces.
The South Wind comes wiping
All tears from the willows.
The sun smiles a gladness,
Through radiant raindrops,
Which sing the Peace Promise,
From bars of the rainbow!
While falling,
 Tink-Tonkle,
 In baptismal
 Basins,
 O'erflowing.





BRINGING THE BABY

I climbed to earth's rim and looked into,
Clear into the bright glory-land.
Below me were parents and lover,
All waiting, a sad anxious band.

They called me, "Come back to us daughter!"
Cried husband, "Come back! Oh, my wife!"
Then caught I a sunbeam of laughter,
And slowly came back to earth-life.



S. PENNINO.

BABY! MY BABY

You're such a sweet wonder, and daily surprise;
With glimpses of heaven, I catch from your eyes,
Through beautiful blue, that you brought from the
 skies,

Baby! My baby!

Oh, how could you bring so much joy from above?
For you are so tiny to bring so much love.
The angels will miss it, and miss you, my dove,

Baby! My baby!

Why is it you're happy when in my embrace?
And why is the wonder that shines in your face?
Is my love like God's? Does it make every place

Heaven? My baby!



Curly Locks

TRAINING THE BABY

In a play-room screams from Lassie,
Brought a mother quick to see,
Little daughter frantic, crying,
“Oh! Oh! Baby’s killing me.”

Gleeful baby, all his fingers
Into tousled yellow curls,
Thinking they were made for playthings,
Big boys think the same of girls.

TRAINING THE BABY



"Yes, me teached him."

Mother rescued Lassie, saying,
 "Yes, it hurts, but he don't know
How it hurts. Of course we'll teach him
 When he's big and tell him so."

Moments later, shrieks from baby,
 And again the mother goes.
Lassie answered, "Yes, me teached him;
 'Twas weal hard. But now, he knows!"



"Boys had a circus, I went."

BOYS' CIRCUS

In a barn they had it; I went, and oh, gee!

The crowds, and the fifin' with drums!

Trapeze! Then the showman, Sam, said, "You will see
That the best of the show now comes.

"In music," he said, "and in science and art,

I'll tell you as you may not know,

That the harrowin' thrills in all these is a part
Of every reputable show.

"And sad as it is, it's the red, white and blue,

From thrills to develdom ranges.

So art, to be followed by thrills we will do,
In ringin' on all these changes.

"The curtain now rises on artdom!" he said.

There, painted! my white rooster stood!

Blue stars on his neck and his wings striped with red,
A crowin' as loud as he could.

And he was tied onto an old donkey's back,

Labeled, The Democrat Party.

He broke his leg floppin'; they'd tied him so slack!
Oh, well, the cheerin' was hearty.



BOYS' CIRCUS



Bayonet Point Covered With Bread

A soldier then ran 'cross the stage out of breath,
His bayonet point covered with bread.
'It's the staff of our life at the point of death!'
"Millions needin' it tco," Sam said.

Then Sam pulled a rope in with cats tied on it;
Each cat like a doll nicely dressed;
Black sash and a collar, and little black bonnet,
All wailin' as if they's possessed.



Made Elephant

BOYS' CIRCUS

"Sad mothers like these has the world seldom seen!"
Said Sam. "They cannot help groanin'!
Their hopefuls were sunk by a Dutch submarine!
Is why they're weepin' and moanin'."

Then two cryin' babies all raspberry sauce,
Was drawed in by dogs for horses,
Made red by the berries they'd cried for till cross;
Was labeled THE BLESSED RED CROSSES.

When that passed, the awfulest hi-diddle-dee,
Loud music of fifes and of drums;
And a boy on a el'phant with G.O.P.
And shoutin's "Here Timothy comes!"

A throne and a tiger-skin under a flag,
Tim aimed for behind el'phant's head;
But Timmy's bad aim for that soft seat to bag,
Killed the G.O.P. beast instead.

But Tim lined his men up and said, "You are fine!
The world will take notice of us!
We'll cut all to pieces that Hindenburg line,
An stop all that Dutch flutterbus."

BOYS' CIRCUS



Feeding the Animals

The Hindenburg line was just wreath after wreath;
'Cross the end of the stage they spread.
"Go to it!" Tim roared, and all cuttin' beneath,
A wreath fell on top of each head.

A Kaiser was holdin' one end of the line;
They cut it so quick that he fell
From his totterin' perch into pick'lin' brine,
An tipped the tub down with a yell.

A globe from a school on a tub wouldn't stand;
With Kaiser a settin' on top!
When his world rolled away, why he had to land
In a firkin of hams kerflop.

BOYS' CIRCUS



Feeding Time



Cats Undressing

He bawled awful loud, and
said he wouldn't play.
Then cats undressin' and
yawlin' !
Made people hike out! just
in time; I should say!
For stagin' and thrones
was fallin'."



See the Lightning Goin' Thru It

DONNY AND THE STORM

Oh, jest hear the storm a moanin'!
I fink it has a tummy ache.
Muzzer says, "There Donny's groanin'!"
At night if I has eaten cake.

See the lightnin' goin' thru' it!
An' the storm it rolls an' rolls!
I rolls too. Pain makes me do it.
See! The lightnin' cuts long holes!

An' I sweats my face all water.
Storm is doin' that way too;
Great big drops! Jest see 'em splatter!
Mr. Storm, what did you do?

Has you eaten lots of cheeses?
Once a moon looked like you bit it.
Me's quit eatin' what me pleases.
Mr. Storm, *you* better quit it.



Pinto and the Boys

PEPPERMINT AND HORSEMINT

Hold on tight behind me, Bobby,
And we'll get some mint for ma.
Peppermint grows near the water.
Here we go! Tra la la la.

'Course I know right where we'll find it!
And we're goin' to get her some.
Pinto hurry! You're so lazy!
Get up, Pinto! Come, oh, come!

There it is! Bob, hold the pony!
I'll run down and get a lot.
Mint sauce on roast lamb is 'licious!
Touches every hungry spot.

Bobby! What is that you're eating?
That's not peppermint, you goose!
Oh, don't cry! It isn't poison.
See! you've let the pony loose!

PEPPERMINT AND HORSEMINT

There, we'll give the rest to Pinto.

This tall kind is called horsemint.

Yes, it's strong! We'll make him eat it!

Come here, Pinto! Pinto! Pint!!

"He can have it," Bobby whimpered;

"And we'll make him eat enough,
So he'll be a good lot stronger.

Guess strong horses eat that stuff!"



Horse-mint



THE REAL AND THE SEEMING

Last night brother Harry was awfully mean,
For breakin' my dolly and sayin' he's glad.
And I could not sleep until right in between
My mad thoughts came good ones, and pushed out
the mad.



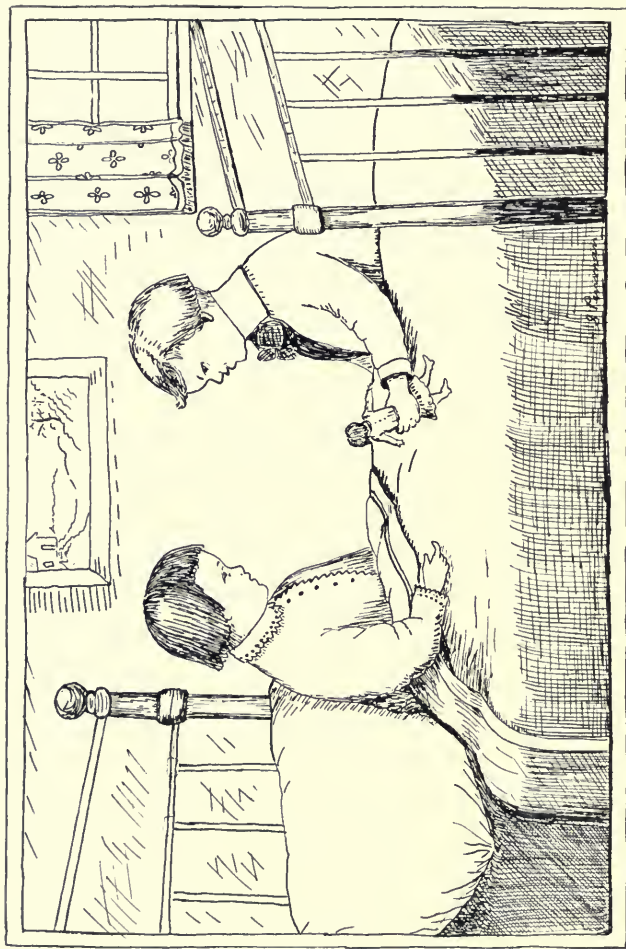
"I pulled me up hill on his sled."

THE REAL AND THE SEEMING

I kept on a thinkin' 'bout when he was good,
A tryin' to pull me up hill on his sled.
I told him he couldn't, but he said he could.
And then he was sorry the fall bumped my head.

I know that I dreamed it; but then it did seem,
That we was in heaven; and so bye an' bye,
He brought me the nicest big dish of ice cream,
A sayin', "Eat this, little sister; don't cry."

And then came my dolly with pretty white wings;
And sat down and eated with me the ice cream.
And everywhere 'round us was such pretty things;
And then I waked up, for 'twas only a dream.



Dolly's Head Fixed Good and Tight

THE REAL AND THE SEEMING

And brother was standin' right close by my bed;
With dolly! It's broken head fixed good and tight.
He kissed me and put it down by me and said,
That he had helped mamma to fix it last night.

But sometimes I'm happier in dreams that the real.
When real is, that some one has been awful mean.
For good things just seemin' will leave a good feel,
Mor'n troubl'us things that I 'member have been.





WAR

See the pretty so'gers marchin'!
Me 'n' my dollies do that too.
War can have my Jap'ese dolly.
Pa said Russia doll won't do.



WAR

War just took Mis' Jones's baby
"Right away from his dear ma."
He was awful great big baby!
Pretty near as big's my pa.

Mammas have to give their sones;
That is what my mamma said.
So's to make bad peoples better,
But some sones come back dead.

It's much worser bein' clear deader,
Than a losin' just a hand,
Or a leg, and never find 'em!
'Way off in that naughty land.

Russia lost a leg one mo'nin'!
Mamma found it in my bed.
An' her sewed it right back on him!
'N'en I's glad he wasn't dead.

Nurses sew men's fumbs back on 'em!
So they doesn't feel so worse.
Once I sewed my Jap doll's finger.
Fink I'll be a war man's nurse.



THOUGHTS

If thoughts are real things,
As some one has said;
As different in color as kind.
It's better to seek for
The brightest, instead
Of duller ones easy to find.

Thoughts blackened with envy,
Hatred and strife;
Or thoughts that are brilliant with love;
Will brighten, or blacken,
A life like themselves,
To sink it, or lift it above.



"I's sorry, Bow-wow."

BABY'S LESSON

"No, no, now! No, no! I dest tells you it's no!"

Screamed baby Elisabeth to her auntie Mae.

"Oh, mercy!" said grandma, "A babe screaming so,
Will have to apologize! Yes, right away!"

"Now, this is," said grandma, "the way you must do.

Say, Auntie, I'm sorry; while making a bow."

The doggy's bow wow was the bow baby knew,

So meekly she said it, "I's sorry. Bow wow!"



"Yes, mamma, we'll kiss him."

LEONARD AND LETTIE

Right here on my face is where Lenny hit me!

Because me just told him that he was real rude,
Kickin' the lost little doggie that bit me,

When we was a feedin' him pieces of food.

You see, he was hungry, and how could he know

That there was a finger right under the meat?
Oh, look! where he bit it; why, it doesn't show!
'Course he didn't want little fingers to eat.

Poor little fellow was hungry for supper.

But Len said it's ugly dogs always that bite.
It's ugly, I said, to kick a starved puppy.

A warty old toad would know that wasn't right.

Then, mamma, he hitted me here on my face!

And turned around quick and went right away fast,
And left me a cryin' alone in a place,

Where folkses would see me a cryin' who passed.

No, mamma, me didn't hit back! Because, why?

I 'membered you said that was naughty to do.
If I'd 'a' hit back, there'd 'a' been two to cry.

'Cause, mamma, you see, he'd be so hurted too.



"Doggie sat down beside me."

LEONARD AND LETTIE

No, no! Me must never hurt my twin brother!
Of course, he forgotted, was why he hit me.
Then I 'membered, too, you said it was better,
One only be hitted, than both of us be.

A boy came along and gave me some candy,
And said, "Stop a cryin', you dear little kid!"
And doggie he whined, and sat down beside me,
And wiped off my tears, wif his tongue, so he did!

Me sayin', Old Toad! Did that hurt him badder,
Than if I had hit him? Well, then me was bad!
Yes, mamma! we'll kiss him and make him be gladder!
Of course, it will cure him of feelin' so mad!



"I hitted her an' I'm sorry."



"I have two brothers."

A DREAM TRAGEDY

I have two brothers, Ben and Joe.

Joe, he works hard all day.

And ma, she says, and thinks it's so:

“Joe'd rather work than play.”

It's different though with brother Ben.

He can't bear dairy work.

He's all for town, and happy when

He hired out to clerk.

Last week ma's cousins' folks all come

To visit all of us.

For beds, ma had to hustle some!

Of course, they said, “Don't fuss.”

Up in my room, Joe slept with Ben.

And I slept on the floor.

As quick as Ben gets home; why, then,

He's always talkin' store!

The clock struck two, 'way in the night.

My sakes, how Joe did snore!

And Ben talked in his sleep, out right,

'S if he was in the store.



Joe Works Hard All Day

A DREAM TRAGEDY

“Shirt waist?” he said. “Why, yes, Miss Grace,
This piece seems made for you.
Three yards of this. And two of lace?
I’ll give good measure too!”

“My scissors? Gone! One time I tore
This with my teeth—it’s stout!”
Then something ripped! It stopped Joe’s snore.
He waked up sayin’, “Get out!”

He kicked Ben hard! My, such a fall!
Then Joe yelled, “You’ll get hurt
For doin’ this! You’ve torn off all
The back of my night-shirt!”





The Moon's Quarter Full

THE MOON

The moon's quarter full.
That is what mamma said.
A fourth of the night it will shine.
Then where the sky ends
It will find a nice bed,
And soundly be sleeping at nine.

And when it's half full,
Shines half of the night.
When clear full will shine the night through.
It shines though when little,
With all of its might.
When bigger more shine it can do.

Now maybe that's like
You and me, little Sis.
You're quarter as big as our ma.
To bed you must go
Pretty scon, now, I guess.
But I'm half as big as my pa!

I'll have to do half
As much work as he does.
My work is hard study to do.
But, then, a big man
From a little boy grows.
Just see! I'm lots bigger than you!



"You can see he's got it."

BILLY GOT IT

On a window in a Pullman,
Billy's fingers chase a bee.
Nurse tries hard to keep it from him,
But he cries, "Give it to me!"

"No, no! Billy cannot have it!
It will bite, or else he could."
Billy kicks and screams, "I want it!"
"Hush!" says nurse. "Oh, do be good."

Calls the mother, sitting forward,
"Give it to him right away!"
Travelers shocked because the mother
Will not hear what nurse would say.

Billy's victory stops his crying.
But the nurse is hurt and cowed,
Not allowed an explanation.
Soon poor Billy shrieks aloud!

"Give it to him!" snaps the mother.
"Let me hear no more about it!"
Tourists smile as nurse made answer,
"Yes'm! You can see he's got it!"



"I'm bad, now Jane won't play with me."

PENANCE

I'm goin' to find me a rosebush!

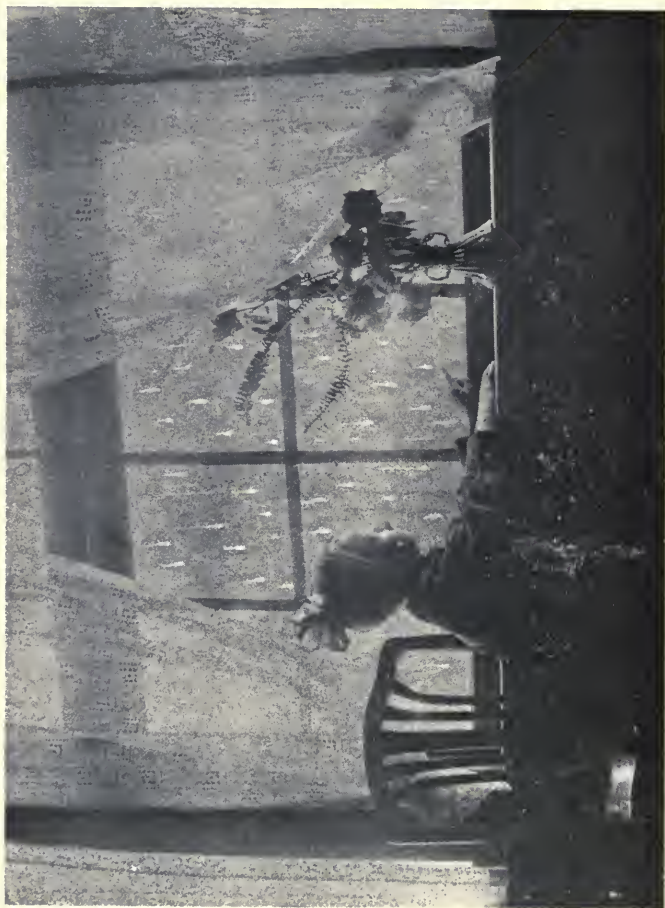
And stick me with thorns, so I be!
Ma said that my words were so thorny,
That something had ought to prick me.

I only said, "Jane, you're all freckles!

Your face is a big turkey egg!"
Looks like it! But ma said I hurt her.
Huh! Pardons I don't like to beg!

I'm bad now, for Jane won't play with me.

I'll just let the bad blood all spill!
With rose-thorns I'll find; for I'll stick me!
And see how I feels, so I will!



Looks More Like Tears Than Water

RAIN

Rain is comin'! Sprinkle, sprinkle!
In the pipes, I hear it tinkle.
Now, it's faster, faster comin'!
Drippin', droppin'. Drummin', drummin'.
Water soldiers! Runnin', fallin'!
Guess they think the drums is callin'.
Now, they're in a terrible mixture!
Like that awful battle picture!

Rainin' harder! Awfulest rain!
Slippin' down the window-pane.
Some drops runnin'. Some just spatter.
Some look more like tears than water.
Maybe clouds must do the cryin',
For the many soldiers dyin'.
Mothers cry when they is readin'
'Bout the dyin' soldiers bleedin'.

Dick, he says I'm always whinin';
Says my smiles is seldom shinin';
Says my face is mostly wetter
Than a stormy day. 'N' I'd better
Let the clouds do cryin' for me.
It's their business to be stormy.
Guess, it's time the sun was dryin'
Clouds and faces, from their cryin'.



I'M PROUD OF MY PA

My pa's just the nicest ever!

He don't slam around, and swear,
Like Chris Lanin's father. Never!
Mine's the best pa anywhere.

I'm so proud, 'f I see him comin'

Down the street. He walks so straight,
Like a prince. That's what ma tells me.
Then I meet him. I can't wait.

He's so kind, 'f I've been in mischief;

Tells how good I ought to be.
So, I say, "I'll try." He answers,
"That's right! You're the boy for me!"

Chris, he has some bull-dog puppies,

And a setter, too! It's fine!
But with all the things that Chris has,
He don't have a pa like mine!



DAD QUIT IT

Ma gave dad a awful scoldin'!
Told him he was always holdin'
 Blame for folks who has, and does.
Said his rel'tives made their money.
And that drones don't make no honey,
 But just eat, and sting, and buzz.

"Better praise your folks for gettin'.
None of them is like you, settin'
 'Round when there is work to do.
Blamin' others for your trouble,
Keeps you standin' in the stubble,
 After harvestin' is through."

DAD QUIT IT

Told him, "Quit your always findin'
Fault with others, 's if you're blindin'
People's eyes about your own.
Yours is worse, if you'd but know it.
Better have more sense and show it
Lettin' other folks alone!"

Then I saw my dad a workin'.
Heard him say, "I wasn't shirkin'.
But I'd rather work than hear
Nancy's clatter, clatter! clatter!
'F I'm a lookin' lovin' at her.
I'll just quit a sayin', My Dear."





"Then she put me to bed."

TEMPER

Bad temper! I guess that I has one, all right,
That's what mamma always has said.
'Cause when I gets angry I just kick and fight!
Then mamma, she puts me to bed.

And says we must break it! And then she will say,
"Like breakin' a colt that is wild.
And we must begin it, 'fore it runs away,
Or else it will ruin you, child!"

TEMPER

Our Billy, he tried once a wild colt to break.
Put lines on to guide it; and so
When Billy pulled on 'em, it kicked, and, my sake!
Smashed up things, and wouldn't hear, "Whoa!"

And when the lines broke it fell 'gainst a stone wall,
And hurt itself so that it died.
Pa told him he ought 'o commenced when 'twas small,
And taught it that lines is a guide.

My mamma said, too, that a little boy had
Bad tantrums, just time and again.
His temper got worser each time he got mad,
Till later, it made him insane.

Guess I doesn't want any 'Sylum for me!
Nor smashin's like I's run away.
If I put some lines on that temper 'twill see
That Whoa! will mean just what I say.

Sure, I'll put 'em on! And I'll say it, too.
Say, Whoa! 'stead of goin' to bed.
The bed is for babies! Ma'll see what I'll do!
I'll do just esactly 's I've said!



Picking Flowers

THEY COULDN'T FIND HER

Let's go to the cellar. I'd ruther
Go there than pick flowers. May be
We'd find in a barrel, that mother—
Pa saw and said mamma must see.



"Dannie, ma's comin' "

THEY COULDN'T FIND HER

Yes, this is the barrel; we've found it!

The plug though, so tight it won't come.
Dan, hand me that brick, and I'll pound it.

Whe-ee, oh! I've pounded my thumb!

It's bleedin'! Boo-hoo! I'll stop cryin'.

Now, see me! I'll try it again.
Oh, looky! I wasn't half tryin'!
Get away there! Danny, oh, Dan!

Yes, wet. But no matter. Don't cry. See!

Gug-guggle, gug-guggle, it goes.
When she comes out you catch her. Co-chee!
The froth's gettin' into my nose.

It's all run out! She's not there at all!

But vin'gar's all over my dress.
Danny! Ma's comin'! Oh, now, don't squall.
She'll whip us, I 'spose, for this mess.



"I'll tell in a minute."

Yes, mamma, I'll tell in a minute.

Whip me, but not little brother.

We's lookin'—Pa said,—she was in it!

She wasn't! Why, vinegar's mother!

(A leathery scum on top of vinegar is called muther. It is what makes and keeps it.)



“WASH YOU, MAKE YOU CLEAN”

“Go quick, and wash your tongue with soap!”

Said mamma to her little Ben.

Returning soon, he said, “I hope!

I never tells a lie again!”



"And see what the dollies will say."

THE SWEET REWARD

"Their table we'll set," said Elisabeth to June,
"And see what the dollies will say,
For just bread and water, although it is noon.
Because they've been naughty today."



Bobby Doll Saying Grace

THE SWEET REWARD

Elisabeth's doll is the brave Bobby boy.

And June's is the sweet Isabel.

Each doll is to it's loving mother a joy,

As both the young matrons could tell.

They put the dolls each in its chair at its place,

Then hid down behind the doll chairs.

And brave little Bobby looked up and said grace,

For he had been taught all his prayers.

Said he, "We're so thankful for blessed sunshine,

So warm; but glad it's no hotter.

Rich food we don't eat, and we never drink wine;

We're thankful for bread and for water."

Those two happy mothers said they couldn't tell

All that they heard, 'twas so funny.

They kissed them and said, "Turn your glass, Isabel,

You both shall have milk and honey."



"A scoldin' every day."

EXAMPLES

No joke, I say! The reason why
The girls are told that they
Should do just as their mothers do.
Why, that's the rightest way!

It's sure a joke, because us boys
Can't do the things, and say
Words like our fathers do without
A scoldin' every day!

It's easy for the girls to do
The things they only should.
Why, their examples are their mas,
And mas are always good!

The fathers, though, the most of them,
Just smoke and drink and chew—
If I'm to be a man like that,
I'll have to do so too.



"Wipe them some more."

OUTSIDE OF THE PLATTER CLEAN

Mat. 25:23

“No, son! With the barn filth
All over your shoes,
To drop as you track all the way
To the medicine-case!
Oh, now, it's no use
To argue! You cannot, I say.

“No matter! The colt's not
So sick it will die.
Take time now, and wipe them some more.
No dirt, sir, like that will
Come in here while I
As porter, can stand at the door.”

She heard the front door-bell.
She let in a friend,
All tidy. No dust on her shoes.
The friend asked, “Not heard it?
Oh, well, I'll just spend
A moment to tell you the news.”

All through her thought-hall
She let her friend drop
A scandal of filthiest shame.
The purity porter
This soil did not stop,
As on through the portal it came.



They're Bobcats Now

PUSSYWILLOWS AND BOBCATS

The wildcats' kittens went out to play
And draggled their tails behind them.
Their mammas they looked and mewed all day
Till night before they could find them.

So draggled they could not sleep like that
On nice clean sheets and pillows.
The mamma cats said, "You all go scat,
And hang your tails on the willows."

They hung all their draggled tails to dry,
And slept so long on their pillows,
Forgot 'em! They're bobcats now! That's why,
We have such nice pussywillows.





"Of course them eyes see."

THE MASCOT

Them eyes on that 'tater can see all around
In every old corner and nook.
They're made so's to see everywhere under ground,
'Cause they don't do nothin' but look.

You can't hide away where that 'tater won't see!
It even can see folkses lies
They've hidden; and think that they always will be
Well covered from everyone's eyes.

A thief it can see, or a bear, or a mouse;
If they're in your bedroom at night.
Wherever it's put it sees all 'round the house,
As well in the dark as the light.

"What good," are you askin'? Why, I'm tellin' you!
If folkses just has the feelin'
That eyes is seein'! Why, no wrong will they do.
It sure will keep 'em from stealin'.

Of course, them eyes see everything the boys do.
'F they're out cuttin' up and want me.
This mascot will save me! The thing for you too!
Just knowin' it sees, why, 'twill see!



SMALL THINGS DECIDE GREAT WARS

Such nice big pillows for a fight,
Was mine and brother Tom's.
If early sent to bed at night,
We'd use them for our bombs.

The covers wasn't very stout,
'Specially where they broke.
And when the down came pouring out,
We called it battle smoke.

Ma scolded some, said we must make
Small cotton pillows do.
So hard! we said, our necks will break!
So small! we'll lose them, too!

One night I hit Tom on the head
With one and made it ache.
And lost it! 'Twasn't 'round that bed!
Then Tom called, half awake.

SMALL THINGS DECIDE GREAT WARS

“Ma! Bring a pin!” List’ning we hear,
“Boys, what’s that noise about?”
“Small pillow’s lost clear in my ear!”
Yelled Tom. “Come, pick it out!”

We waited; then pa laughed, “Ha, ha!
Small, surely they must be!
They’ve got the best of you now, ma.”
Then ma said, “Well, we’ll see

What love will do. These pillows, dear,
Take back! Don’t mind your pants!
We’re glad they’re hit with pillows here,
And not by shells in France.”





UNDER THE RULE

Oh no, you can't do
As you'd like to my lad.
You'll do just about as we say.
"Home Rule," is for keeping
The boys from the bad,
And guide them aright every day.



Life is a School

UNDER THE RULE

The closet's the first
In the rule you bewail,
Shut up there away from your play.
It's better so now
Than that later in jail,
Locked up you'd be many a day.

Born smart you may be,
But this you must know,
A convict is worse than a fool.
Reproof while you're young,
Is the best thing; and so
You're safely kept under the rule.

The convicts in jail
Are the ones you will see,
When little were not made to mind;
But had their own way
In their home, and must be
Behind prison bars with their kind.

There's rules of the home,
And rules of the state.
Life is to us all but a school.
The kicker's as bad
As a mule to berate
The hardness of any good rule.

Come under the rule,
And don't stubbornly kick,
And show you've less brains than a mule.
If good stuff is in you,
You'll show you're a brick,
By keeping close under the rule.



"Such a bother to carry on so."

LOSING FAITH IN MOTHER

She promised last night, the fellows, all right.

This morning she said, "Such a bother
To carry on so; you very well know
I want to ride out with your father.

"Some joys should be mine, and surely your nine
Can fill in your place with another.
No use now to grieve, there's no one to leave
But you to stay home with lame brother."

Oh, what can I say to the fellows that they
Won't see I can't trust in my mother?
If she'd told them no! that I could not go,
I'd gladly stay home with my brother.



"I giggled to get all the quiver outside."

THOSE GIGGLES

So happy I just couldn't tell if I'd try!
The first time I went in an auto to ride.
I quivered with glad so inside, was the why
I giggled to get all the quiver outside.

First time on the chu-chu 'twas just the same way.
Ralph told me to try not to giggle no more.
And said that some critical people might say,
"Why surely that child's never been out before."

I couldn't shut clear up. Just only 'bout half.
I tried. But I looked as if I was real mad.
If folks who feel like it, would giggle and laugh,
They'd giggle away every bit of the sad.



In a Fine Hotel

DEW ON THE RAGWEED

We never had been anywhere
Away from our poor little farm.
So full was life of toil and care,
That just a village held a charm.

It seemed so grand, the first that we
Were dining in a fine hotel,
Two country girls! Oh! it would be
So great to think about and tell.

The thrilling joy we felt inside!
Somehow it had to bubble out
In giggles; ere we could decide,
What was the bill of fare about?

To us it was so wonderful!
The meats. Were we to take the four?
We wondered. Did folks take the whole?
Or one, then wait, and order more?

A woman near us whispered loud,
"Their greenness is so laughable!"
A sweet one answered from the crowd,
"Their innocence is beautiful!"

The waiter, bless him! knew the state
Our minds were in, and whispering said,
“I know your wants, and as it’s late
They’ll be supplied,” then bowed his head.

A broader life, since then we’ve seen;
And met with both the sham and real.
And think we’d joy in acting green,
If we again those thrills could feel.



PRAISE OR FAILURE HARM

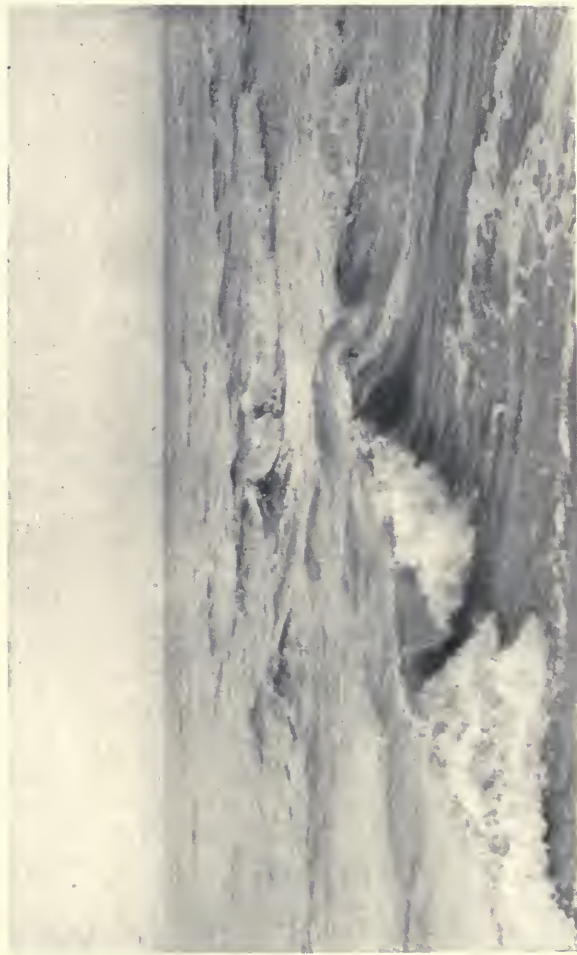
If what you may do appears great, little girl,
Beware of the praises you get.
For praise often puts a small brain in a whirl,
A brilliant career to upset.

If critics turn down your efforts, my girl,
Let never discouragement harm.
But stand by your efforts, prove each one a pearl,
You later may wear like a charm.



A BREAKER

I am just
A wavelet now.
Fitting whitecaps
To my brow.
But I'm growing
To a billow,
As I learn to skip and skim.
I am twenty
Miles from shore.
Murmuring softly,
Nothing more.
But you'll hear me
Loudly roaring
As I
Near the
Ocean's
Rim!



Lengthening Lacy Train

Now just see
My foamy crest!
Falling down
My rising breast!
As I'm racing!
Faster racing!
O'er the shiny deep blue main.
Making lines
Of bright sea green!
Through a spreading
Purple sheen!
Colors glinting
Through and tinting
All my
Lengthening
Lacy
Train!



"I'll play tag with every one."

A BREAKER

Hear me coming!
Look at me!
I'm so full
Of noisy glee!
For a frolic
With the bathers
Up and down the sandy shore.
I'll play tag
With everyone!
Some I'll tumble!
Oh, such fun!
And I'll roll them
Up the beaches!
Then,
It is!
You'll
Hear
Me
Roar!

A BREAKER



Scamper, children!
Up the beach!
High above
Your heads I reach!
And I'll catch you,
Long before you
Get
To
Safety
On
The
Strand!

A BREAKER



Hi yi! Boys!
And little girls!
Now I have you
By your curls!
But I'll lay you
By your mothers,
Idling
Up
There
In
The
Sand!



"Sorry I'd be, I well knew."

MEDITATION

She lifted the hem as I let it fall,
And saw the long stitches all through it.
“Oh, daughter;” she said, “this won’t do at all.
You’ll have to go back and undo it.”

An angry reply I made her, although
Real sorry I’d be, I well knew it.
But awful it seemed, that I’d have to go
Back over my work and undo it.

“Painstaking,” she said, “will always repay,
If patiently you will stick to it.”
When nicely ’twas done: So glad I could say,
Thanks dear, that you made me undo it.

Such lessons learned then, (Gone now the loved
voice.)
Show profit to life along through it.
For starting to do anything I rejoice,
The best I know how, now I do it.

“CUT IT OUT”

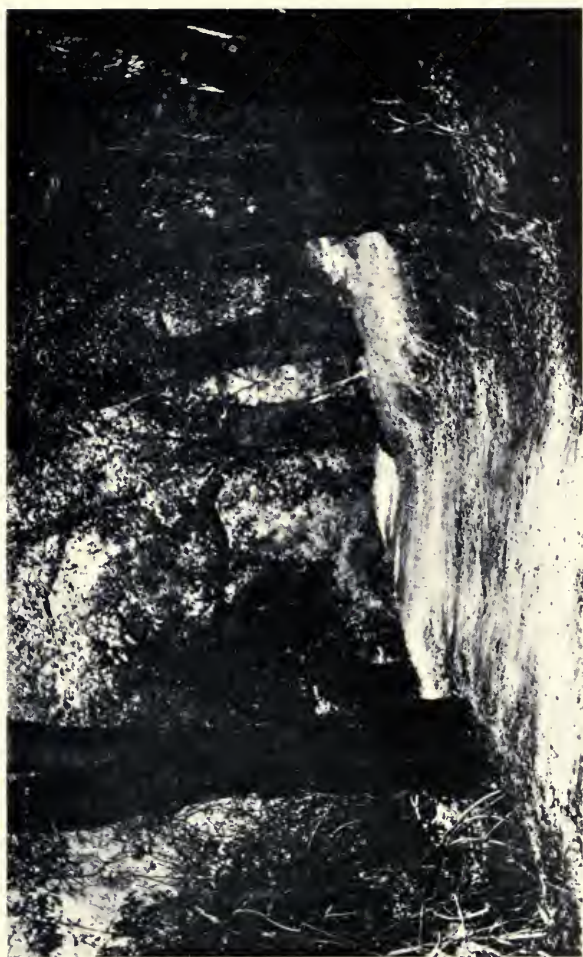
If you see a fault in your friend which prevents her being loved by others as you think she deserves, bravely use the best tact you can command, and tell her of it kindly.

And if she's worthy, she will say,
“My friend, I'll bless you all my life.”
Her fault will then be cut away,
As clean as with a surgeon's knife.

If you have a grievous fault and your friend has been brave enough to bring it to your notice, don't be angry at him. If you must get angry, turn your anger upon your fault.

You then will turn yourself about,
And kindly give glad thanks to him.
And that will help to prune it out
Like cutting off a sickly limb.

Miscellaneous Poems



ECHO

The woodland was darkening;
All shadowy, gloomy
My ills, and misdeeds,
As if real coming to me,
 Like shadows all creeping,
 While Silence was sleeping;
So called I,
 Hollo!
 Hollo!
 Hollo!

Long hours in the darkness,
 With stumbling and falling;
Though often disheartened,
 Was oftener calling.
 Oh, somebody hear me!
 An answer will cheer me!
Was answered,
 "Hear me,
 Cheer me,
 Hear thee."

Light came, for in darkness,
 A voice waits to cheer us.
If in the right spirit
 We call, it will hear us.
Then calling—I love you!
Was answered,
 "I love you!
 Love you!
 Love you."

IN THOUGHT-LAND

I'm just a thought lost in a maze.

Oh, wiser thought tell me, I pray,
Is there a way among the ways
To lead me back to yesterday?

A magic force in yesterday
Lured me a way I should not go.
Could I have turned that force away,
Today would not have seen my woe.

Oh, show me back to yesterday;
Or blot away that day of days!
Mistakes may seem like joys today,
They're griefs when in the yesterdays.

REFLECTION

The moon shines, but by borrowed light.
Without the sun it could not shine.
If God would draw His thoughts away,
The poet could not write a line.

HER EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

To Mrs. Getty

Eighty-five years ago today
A new born by its mother lay,
And nestling closely to her breast,
Found comfort there, and sweetest rest.

Eighty-five years, each step a year,
Rising above all gloom with cheer;
Scattering good along the way,
Laying a blessing upon each day.

Unroll the years Biographer,
A help to us, no harm to her;
Unroll the years, and show each day
That from a wrong she turned away.

A life like hers is good to be
Put in a book, that reading we
May profit by her well spent days,
And blessing her, give God the praise.

MOVING ON

The you that was you, is not you today,
For something has changed the past you
For better or worse, which one can you say?
Each seven years change though is true.



HER SEVEN

Yes, stranger, I'm ninety. Those boys, sir, are mine.
From baby on up to old boys.
Fine looking? Oh, yes, sir; they surely were fine!
Life's problems to them, sir, were joys.

The babe in my arms there, was mine a short while.
One night, sir, my babe was no more.
But mem'ry's still holding the sweet baby smile,
A chest holds the clothes that he wore.



HER SEVEN

The one with the books? Yes, for school on his way,
First time. He'd been anxious since dawn.
'Twas such a short time though from that very day,
When that little schoolboy was gone.

The third like a lover? a real Spanish Don?
Yes, the maid that he loved was true,
But faded so quickly. Then he passing on,
Made life somewhat sad for me, too.

HER SEVEN

The fourth one, the soldier! You see; yes. Oh, well,
That suit, sir, was his greatest joy.
His picture I love so to look at and tell,
I once had a brave soldier boy.

That one was a judge. Yes, a masterful one.
And full of the knowledge of laws.
His whiskers cut neatly. But now he is gone.
Why! Proud of him! Surely, I was.

The sixth one? Oh, yes, sir. His clothes hang loose,
And spectacles cross a thin nose.
Life longer, he said, is so little of use;
As feebleness hastens its close.

The seventh's the last. And all I now have.
He's tottering and childish and gray.
His teeth are all gone and he's nearing his grave,
But he is here with me today.

All, one? Oh, no, mister! Those boys are my seven!
Each born to new duties, begun
New life on life's stage. Each played the part given.
My seven! Though nature says, one.



“YE ARE GOD’S”

(John 10:34.)

Who his fierce anger drives away
The place of wrath with love to fill.
The angry waters would obey,
Should he command them to “Be Still.”

THE SUN'S LITTLE COLLECTOR

'Twas in the morning; Ting-a-ling,
Was ringing at my door.
My cooky-baking I must stop
And answer it once more.

This time a smiling newsboy there;
(Hat lifted from his head).
He wrote upon a little slip
He handed me, and said.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. A.
Too bad! disturbing you!
You see, I'm now a SUN boy out
Collecting what is due."

"I'm very glad you came," I said.
"I'm glad to pay you, too.
For you're a little sunbeam out.
Collecting morning dew."

SMILES

She doesn't fret and stew because
It isn't worth her while.
She always gets the best in life,
Because she wears a smile.

Her clothes are just the common sort,
Her figure commonplace;
Her pockets do not bulge with gold,
But gold shines in her face.



Leaf-fondled and Kissed by the Dew

THE LOST JEWEL'S RETURN

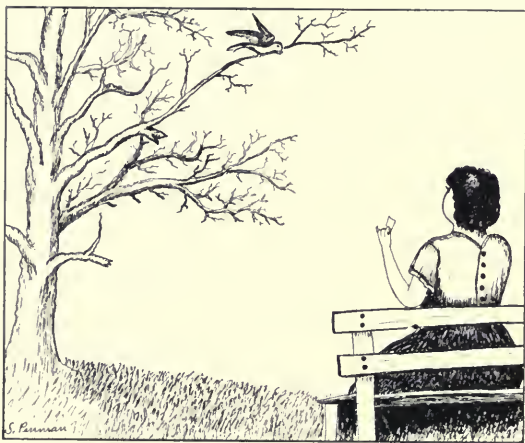
To Florence

Were you careless, dear heart,
To allow me to part,
From my place on your breast, so true?
For I sunk to the ground,
Lying there until found
By one who will send me to you.

'Twas a month and a day,
On the cold earth I lay;
My lovers, the sun and the dew.
For my shine was as bright
As the stars in the night;
But shining for no one but you.

There was little of rest
On mother earth's breast;
Leaf-fondled, and kissed by the dew.
So I winked all my love
To the stars up above,
And told them to wink it to you.

Oh, it's happy we'll be,
For I'm coming to thee,
To thee! my dear Heart, I am true!
You will wrap me in love,
As the stars all above
Are wrapped in their heavenly blue.



"Kindly, she coaxed me."

BIRDIE DON'T DO IT

With Joy I was singing,
Long after the dawn.
She reached to me food
From her seat on the lawn.
And kindly she coaxed me
With words low and sweet.
So trembling I took it,
And
Thanked
With
Tweet,
Tweet.
Although from the trees,
And also the breeze,
Distinctly I heard,
"Oh,
Don't,
Little bird!
Birdie!
Don't
Do it!"

BIRDIE, DON'T DO IT

While eating and tweeting,
 Another white hand,
Closed over my wings,
 In a firm, loving band,
And carried me down
 To the reddest of lips,
Carressing me softly,
 With pink
 Finger-
 Tips.

 Such praises I heard,
 In each little word.
“Although ’twas in fear,
 You did it,
 Sweet dear,
 Birdie!
 You did it!”

BIRDIE, DON'T DO IT

Oh! the days I have longed
 Again to be free;
And sing with my mate
 In rosebush and tree.
But, oh! I'm so lonely,
 I never more sing,
My cage is too small,
 For
 Spreading
 One
 Wing!
 She leaves me all day,
 A toy cast away.
At night I have heard,
 When the breeze
 Softly stirred,
 "Birdie!
 Why
 Did you?"



"Husband despises my Zambia."

MY ARABIAN MARE ZAMBIA

Sadly I sit by my window,
And see in the horse's corral,
Zambia, Arabian beauty!
My pride, and my grief, and my all.

Husband despises my Zambia.
Because she was given to me
By one who saw my life's desert,
Thought she an oasis would be.

To hurt me, husband made Zambia
A mother to only a mule.
Her highbred nature abhors it!
Her shame, too, is so pitiful.

Zambia would joy in an offspring
As well-bred and noble as she,
Knows this one's of low creation.
Her horror finds echo in me.

Spurns it! But husband compels her
To nourish it! Beats her and swears!
Noble pride quivers in anguish.
Tears, Zambia, unshed are prayers!

MY ARABIAN MARE ZAMBIA

I turn my eyes—Ah! a picture.

My son, in a bright gilded frame.

Yes! Counterpart of his father.

Oh, Zambia! I, too, suffer shame.

Years back, a young man, low, bestial;

But rich, was a suitor for me,

An orphan, living with uncle;

Who'd squandered my large legacy;

Forced me to marry that suitor,

So, hidden his crime would remain.

And all my struggles, and pleadings

Brought me but anguish and pain.

Zambia! The wrongs I, too, suffer!

I wonder if God is all might!

Why force and strength have dominion!

And power takes the place of right?

Last night, "But son!" said my husband;

"Her pride you can break in an hour,

When married. I broke your mother's.

She knows man's the head, and the power!"

MY ARABIAN MARE ZAMBIA

Strange thoughts like new life are coming.

To that girl, my story I'll tell!

Yes! I must tell, though it kills me!

To save her from just such a hell!

Power! Zambia! The good have all power!

Coward, is he, beating you so!

Zambia! You know it! Jumps the corral!

And down falls the man as you go!

Freedom! Oh, Zambia! It's freedom!

Like you, I am over my wall!

We heard the summons together!

Together we've answered the call!

Glorious! the feel of this rising

From weakness! For weakness is wrong!

I've strength to lift two men from meanness!

And RIGHT they shall see is the STRONG!





San Diego

SAN DIEGO—QUEEN OF CITIES

The Deluge of 1916

Queenly city! San Diego!
With a heart so full of goodness!
Like a case of precious jewels,
Burst! and scattered wide her treasures!
Burst, when sorrows fell in shadows,
Thick and black as dungeon darkness,
O'er her neighbors in the valleys,
Leaving queenly San Diego
All unharmed upon her throne.

Opened hearts like clouds; then sunlight
Reached through op'nings; made a rainbow,
'Gainst the gloom to hide its blackness;
'Gainst the mountains gray and somber;
Radiant arch! with bases resting
On the city, where the colors
Touching many towers ended;
Showing pots of gold were tipping;
Pouring out their gold like sunshine,
Over devastated valleys
Bare of every vegetation;
Bare of life and habitation,
Where but late 'twas full of comfort,
Full of heaven's choicest blessings;
Life and love, and plenteous riches,
Swept away within an hour.



Over Devastated Valleys

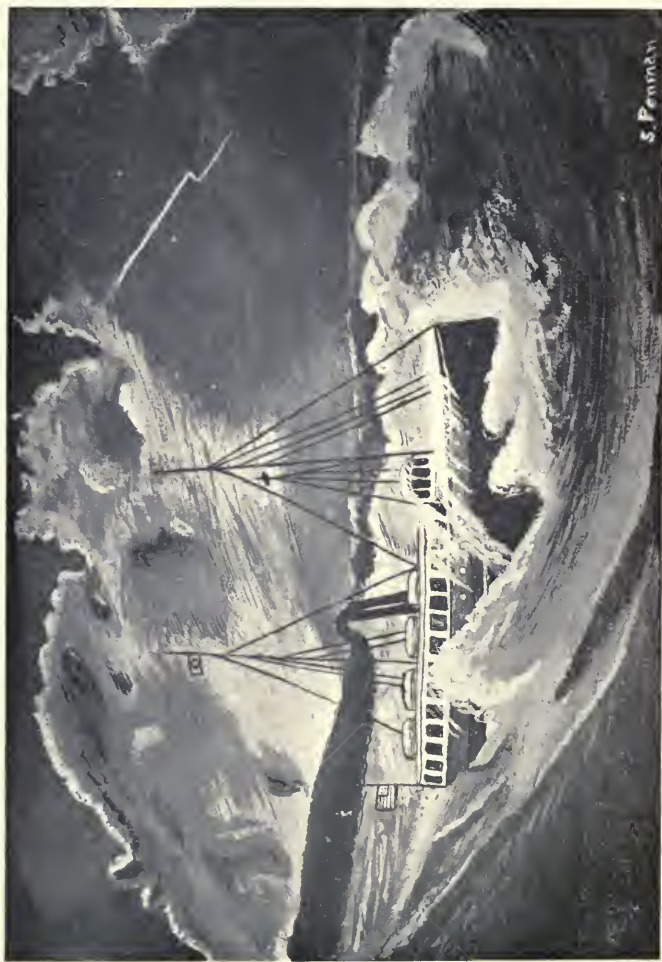
SAN DIEGO—QUEEN OF CITIES

San Diego, Star of Heaven!
In the darkest of the deluge,
Opened all her sunshine factories;
Called her workers: "Help the needy!"
And they quickly did her bidding.
Largest factory, Commerce Chamber.
Branches of it in the churches,
Worked those factories on Sunday,
Stamping on each package, love.

Branches, too, in secret orders;
Men's and women's clubs and unions
Turned out packages and money.
Individuals gave also,
Dimes and dollars, others hundreds.
Richer ones gave many thousands.
Widows, destitute, gave freely.
Needy newsboys gave their pennies.
Eager tourists swelled the columns
Of the names of hundreds giving,
All in such a flood of sunshine,
That the elements were jealous
Of the manufactured product,
And commanded all their shadows
To return to their dominion,
Back into the lowest pit.
Now the sun that seldom leaves her,
Smiles again upon her queen.



S. Pennan



LIFE'S JOURNEY

Is there one would cross the ocean
And would have no storm at all;
Just blue skies and placid water,
All the way, without a squall?

Never know the queer sensation,
Sliding down a glassy wave,
Then the rising on a billow!
Miss this rapture, ease to save?

Is there one would cross life's ocean,
And would have no shadow fall;
No rough sea be seen before him,
Or no high obstructing wall?

Storms are instruments to strengthen;
Mounts and walls are made to scale;
To develop soul and spirit,
Like the oak against the gale.

Welcome storms and welcome sunshine!
Welcome walls that cross life's way;
'Gainst the blackest cloud the sunlight
Makes a rainbow of the spray.



Los Angeles River

A SAMSON

I'm mighty and strong
For half the year long,
And make people tremble with fear.
I lift a big house!
But weak as a mouse
The other full half of the year.

Big trees I push down!
Sometimes a small town
I carry away on my breast.
A horse I outrun!
And, oh! it's such fun
To put my full strength to a test.

I race, and I play
Each dull winter day,
Till summer's heat warms the shiver.
Then, under my bed,
I sleep as if dead.
For I am the Los Angeles River.



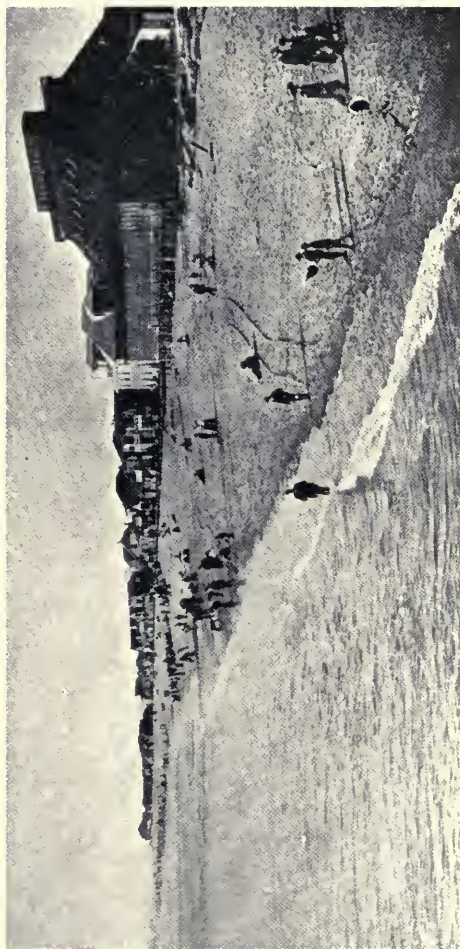
Hunting Moonstones in the Sand

BACK AGAIN IN CALIFORNIA

Seems a dream! Again I'm lying
On the beach here in Redondo!
Prettiest of all the beaches,
With its rounding hills and winding
Streets, so very near the ocean;
But above the reach of breakers;
As they play their tag with tourists,
Hunting moonstones in the sand.

Seems unreal! I may be dreaming!
Well, I'll pinch me, that will tell me.
Yes, it's real! And now I'm reading
Of a blizzard in the Eastland,
While I'm basking in the sunshine
Of Redondo! Dear Redondo!
On the edge of Paradise!

Back home once in dead of winter
Dreamed that I was in Redondo,
As I was a former winter;
And that I was idly lying
On the beach, and birds were singing,
In the fragrant eucalyptus.
And the sunlight on the iceplant,
Looked like diamonds more than ice.



Redondo Beach

BACK AGAIN IN CALIFORNIA

And the gulls were idly swimming,
Just beyond the breakers' edges.
And the seals between the breakers,
Played a peak-a-boo with me.
Then a whistle from a steamer
Started all the gulls a-flutter,
Till the air was full of "white-wings,"
Off to dine on steamer garbage.
Just as they are doing now.

Then a breaker, high and awful!
Right before me stood a moment,
Bowing gracefully, and falling
Prostrate on the sand before me,
Kissed my feet! His cold caresses,
Wet and frothy, made me frantic!
As I tried to scramble higher,
Ere he'd carry me away.

And the effort made me waken,
With my feet but thinly covered,
And a screeching, howling blizzard!
Shook the house, and window-shutters!
Makes me shiver thinking of it.
So, I sing with bubbling rapture,
I'm so glad I'm in Redondo;
Oh, so glad, I'm in Redondo!
It's a Paradise for me!





THE HOSPITAL VISITOR

Such a blessed cool breeze! Oh, lovely cool breeze!
Through the blistering heat, how dared you to come,
And leave the cool beach with the surf on the seas;
This coolness to bring from my Ocean Beach home?

The whole torrid army did you have to bribe.
To open their ranks, and to let you come through?
Unhit by a heat-lance from one of the tribe!
Oh, marvel! It seems all too good to be true!

Your cooling, sweet odors now quiets my pain,
While fanning my cheek, and while cooling my hands.
Your fan smells of mosses; Oh, come now again!
I fancy I'm lying on cool ocean sands.



THE SUN NEVER SAW A SHADOW

Droops a rose behind a column.
Mildewed buds are in the shadow.
Comes the sun with life, and gladness,
Moves in glory 'round the column,
Looking, sees no shadow lurking,
For the sun ne'er saw a shadow.

Weeps a grief behind an evil,
Sick with sin, and sorrow laden;
Shines the look of God upon it:
Look of love, and life, and healing;
Sees His own divine reflection,
In the child of His creation.

“Thou art of purer eyes than to
behold evil.” Hab. 1:13.





PURE WHITE LILY

“Solomon in all his glory was not
arrayed like one of these.”

Adornment so glorious
Has never been seen,
Oh, bride; all in white!
You are Solomon's queen.
Your purity matches
The wisdom of kings.
Pure wisdom quaffs deeply
From purity's springs!
Lily! White lily.

The ether is filled
With thoughts of pure thinking.
Love's votaries, love,
From your chalice are drinking.
The dew leaves his kisses
In colorful glisten.
Silence, and “morning stars
Sing,” while you listen!
Lily! Pure lily!



The Oak

GOD'S EVERLASTING NOW

In His great realm there is no time,
No future, neither long ago.
The trunk, and branches of the oak,
Its yesterdays today will show.
Our thoughts of joys long past are real
As were those joys. Thought is a twin
To memory. In them we feel
All good there is, is all within.
God's everlasting now.

DEATH

Tick, tock! Tick, tock! The tall old clock
Tolls a death this afternoon.
Tick tocks knell it! Sadly tell it.
Death is coming, coming soon.

Oh, the sorrow of the morrow!
All alone here with the clock.
Can I bear it, when I hear it,
Always ticking tock, tick, tock?

MARGARET

Death! thine is the casket,
The jewel is Heaven's.
The soul through the casket
Transparent we saw,
Both loaned for a season
To gladden our earthtime,
With Margaret.

Death, wooing with ardor,
Was constantly near her,
Impatient to clasp her,
And claim her his own:
Consent long with-holden
By us, at last given
To Margaret.

She yielded her clay form,
To Death's cold embracing.
When, lo! in an instant,
The casket wide opened
Disclosing a jewel,
No other outvieing
Our Margaret.

In brilliance, more radiant
Than dew-drop of morning,
Pure, quivering and new-born.
Unveiling before Him,
Emerging in Christ-life!
Christ robed, and in glory,
Is Margaret.



Navajo Indian Home

“THOUGHTS ARE THINGS”

“When building his poor little hut, the Navajo Indian will burn it down, if one of the workmen swear or manifest any anger. His little home must be laid with good thoughts, and happy willing service. When it is finished, before the family move in, it is blest with the sprinkling of meal at the door, that nothing but good may enter: at the fireplace, that all, including the stranger, may find warmth and cheer.”—Dr. George Wharton James, Publisher and Lecturer.

KNITTING THE SOLDIER'S SOCK WITH THE 91st PSALM

“Knit two and purl two” the instructions begin.
Knit two and then two purly thoughts I put in.

Knitting, and knitting them in.

“He that dwelleth in the secret place
Of the most high shall abide
Under the shadow of the Almighty,
Though thousands shall fall at thy side.”

No, he cannot fall when his foot is put in
This sock, for I'm knitting protection within.
Knitting, and knitting it in.

“Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night
Nor the arrow that flieth by day—
For He shall give his angels charge over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways.”



MRS. ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

"THOUGHTS ARE THINGS"

So I am knitting good thoughts in this stocking,
As I repeat them, while purling and rocking.
Knitting, and knitting them in.

"Thou shalt tread upon the lion, and the dragon
Shalt thou trample under feet."

Who wears this armor of God, young man,
Never will know defeat.

Hold to these thoughts and you surely will win
This battle of Right, to the downfall of Sin.
I've knitted the victory in.



MRS. ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

Is famous for her many beautiful stories, and poems. Also "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night," which was written when she was but sixteen.

With a very active brain and body, she is one of the instructors at the Red Cross, and still looks young, with scarcely a silver thread in her beautiful dark hair.

Forty pairs of socks she has knit for the soldiers. A friend unacquainted with this fact hoping she might learn of some new story or poem she had written, asked, "What are you doing now?"

Unconscious of the words she was using, Mrs. Thorpe replied, "I am writing socks for soldiers." The friend smiled. However, it was true. Every pair had been knitted with love thoughts, as was shown by a pair she had knit for a captain. His wife brought the yarn to Mrs. Thorpe, and asked if she would do her the great favor of knitting a pair for her husband?

MRS. ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

Some time later a letter from the wife told about the husband at the front in France having been detailed for some special work, packed his necessities, and could find no place for the socks. But knowing he would need them to put on warm and dry, after long standing or walking with cold feet, folded those thick woolen socks, and put them in his hat.

In a bombarded town, he was passing a large building, when a shell shattered it, and a corner of the building felled him. When he recovered consciousness, the first words he heard were from a surgeon saying, "Those socks saved his life! But for them he would be a dead man!"

The wife further wrote, "Those socks will never be worn, but will be put under glass in a frame."



THE AWAKENING

As told by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, in St. Paul, Minn.

By "Special" 'twas handed me at my hotel,
The beautiful bonnet I'd bought.
And lifting it out; why, a slip from it fell,
Perplexing my radiant thought.

"Trim for a middle-aged lady," it said.
(Saleslady's note to the trimmer.)
A middle-aged lady? Amusement soon fled.
The truth cast a widening glimmer.

Me! Middle aged? Me! All my thoughts in a whirl.
My room I paced sadly in tears.
But ere the day dawned I had buried the girl
I'd lived with for thirty-five years.

A PLEA FOR BARE LITTLE FEET

Why cast aside the broken glass
Where barefoot children have to pass?
As well plant razors sharp edge up,
Or poison put into their cup;
For children playing on the street
With no protection on their feet.

Oh, tippler, please when drinking all
That's in the flask, don't let it fall
Down on the sidewalk or the street,
To lacerate bare little feet.
And valued horses, just the same
Are oft' by broken glass made lame.

Oh, housewives, when you break glass jars
Don't toss them out just o'er the bars,
Or in the alley, anywhere.
But dig a hole, and bury there
All broken glass that can be found.
'Twill do no harm when under ground.

If those who make our laws would pass
A heavy fine for throwing glass,
Along the highways or the street,
It would protect the children's feet,
And save much pain, and maybe life.
For glass cuts worse than any knife.

OBSTACLES

Freckled and homely,
And with a hairlip.
An ugly name fitting all these.
With poverty added,
They made a good whip,
Oft' used by the school-boys to tease.
Could ever he do
A great thing in his life,
With all of those sinkers to lift?
But buckling up to it
He entered the strife,
With "love for hard study," his gift.

He studied at noon,
And while working at night;
And soon was ahead of his class.
Thus gaining respect,
And being so bright,
Found no one above him could pass.
He worked for a surgeon
Until he was paid
For straightening his lip to its place;
Intelligence then
Made the ugliness fade,
While freckles were leaving his face.

Life's ladder commenced
At its low darkest rung,
He slowly continued to rise.
His pen proved a factor,
And later his tongue,
To win for him Fame's greater prize.

OBSTACLES

His parents, 'twas said,
Were a drag, being low.
But he had been lifting them too.
Their pride in their son,
Had compelled them to know
They also had something to do.

So many obstructions
He'd risen above,
That when his health failed him, 'twas said,
That wall of obstruction
He'll never remove,
For he will be always in bed.
But spreading thoughts brightly
All over this wall,
Discouragement took to its wing.
And with it went ills,
That were nothing at all,
But happiness later to bring.

Then shadows of slander
And envy, and spite,
Tried to surround him with gloom.
"There's never a cloud,
But beyond it is light."
He pondered while pacing his room.
"And nearer or farther,
I'll find it, no doubt,
If only I walk and not faint."
His shadows held rainbows,
And when he came out,
His face was the face of a saint.

W. C. T. U., THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

“Her princes are like wolves to destroy souls to get dishonest gains: And I sought for a man among them, but found him not.”—Ezekiel 22:27, 30.

Oh, the sadness! People dying
By the thousands o'er the land,
And the best among them crying
For relief from Evil's band.
Men of rote, and boys of promise
Falling from the poison stings
Of indulgencies made easy,
By the revenue it brings.

Oh, the alcoholic evil!
And the well-named “coffin nail!”
Cigarette, the people call it,
That no ill its name entail.
Priest and printers ridiculing
Abstinence for human good,
Never censure selfdebasement,
Or indulgence as they should.

Press repeats distillers' falsehoods,
That “The user's life is lengthened
By our liquors;” and that “many
Intellects are by them strengthened.”
Thus, the printers advertise it.
But the greatest did refuse.
“No advertisements for liquors!”
Said the LONDON DAILY NEWS.

W. C. T. U. THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Go to earth my faithful servants,
Spake Jehovah from His throne.
Find a man, who like Elijah,
Will, if need be, stand alone.
“Cry aloud!” and spare not any,
“Tell my people of their sins.”
Many people had forgotten,
That it’s bravery that wins.

Quick those spirits did His bidding,
Seeking all the wide world o’er.
Then returned they to Jehovah
With a message grieving sore,
That no mortal was discovered.
Some would start, and falter soon,
If the people said, “Fanatic!”
Or a “Filibustering loon.”

Then Jehovah saw that women
Must be ’wakened by the call.
Though in public Paul refused them,
He was greater far than Paul.
Then returned those spirits earthward,
And Ohio women heard
Dr. Dio Lewis’ message
On December twenty-third.

W. C. T. U. THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Christmas gifts were all forgotten.

Seventy-two went out to pray.

Gave themselves in willing service.

Ridiculed? Oh, yes! But they

Bravely suffered for the raising

From the gutter, fallen man,

And future manhood. So it was

W. C. T. U. began.

Ring the tidings, all ye nations!

Herald angels loud rejoice!

Swell the anthem, tell the story!

Words divine have found a voice.

Larger Christmas gift to heaven:

Larger Christmas gift to earth:

Mortal man was never given,

Since the gift by Jesus' birth.

There are unions now by thousands,

Over all the earth's domain.

And the powers in all kingdoms,

Show toward it less disdain.

Often welcome our white ribbon,

Badge of W. C. T. U.

For they know it's worn by women,

Noble, virtuous and true.

"The Lord gave the word, great was the company
of women that published it. r.v. Psalms 46:11.

A WAR DIAMOND AND ITS SETTING

With babe on one knee,
And wife in his arms,
He gave each of his parents a hand;
Dried each falling tear,
With smiles of good cheer,
Then sailed to the war-stricken land.

MONTHS LATER

He soared high when he left,
But they carried him back
Like a shot-away angel's wing.
Just to sit on a shelf,
Not supporting itself,
But braced up by some other thing.

Two nurses were there
Beside his wheel chair.
His face wore the same sunny smile.
The one thing that they
Could not shoot away!
Tho' it seemed they had tried for a while.

For babe he'd no knee!
And no one could see
A sign of an arm for his wife!
For parents no hand!
All sad by him stand.
But his smile came back, and his life.

A WAR DIAMOND AND ITS SETTING

A man limping by
And with but one eye,
Was cursing his sorrowful trial,
Till from the wheel chair
That smile made him stare;
Exclaiming: "My God! I *will* smile!"

Thus, thousands of miles
Were blest by his smiles;
Like star gleams they lighted men's night.
The glow on his face
Had brightened each place
Passed through like a wondrous light.

One in the crowd said,
"The most of him's dead!"
But the man's real self was all there.
His soul smiled as bright
As the sun through a night;
This diamond! Set in a wheel chair!



SONG—THE SIDE OF RIGHT

We boys have heard the summons,
And we've answered to the call.
We're on the way to victory,
And have no fear at all.
We'll stand up to our duty
Knowing that we cannot fall,
When standing on the side of right.

CHORUS:

We'll fight tho' slaughter is appalling.
Yes, fight and see oppression falling.
And then we'll hear the victors calling,
"Brave boys ye fought hard for the right."

"The fining pot's for silver,
But the furnace is for gold."
The mold is heroism,
And we're going to fit the mold.
It's trying times we now are in:
We'll hear the story told,
"Our boys fought hard for the right."

FIRST CHORUS:

THE SIDE OF RIGHT

And when the war is over,
It will then be plainly seen:
We washed the vile oppression
From the world and made it clean.
Then all the countries friendly,
We will need no fence between,
When we're all on the side of right.

SECOND CHORUS:

The dove of peace will then be winging
To captive nations freedom bringing.
And every tongue will then be singing,
We're all on the side of right.

Published in sheet music form. Music by Lydia
Fossler Frank.



SONG—FREEDOM FOR ALL

Belgium! Belgium! Hear the bugle call:

“Freedom For All Forever!”

Uncle Sam is coming with freedom for you all:

“Freedom For All Forever!”

Yes, coming like a hurricane:

You’ll see oppression fall;

And hear the cry of Freedom

In each bursting cannon-ball;

Then devastated wastes will bloom

With blessings for you all;

“Freedom For All Forever.”

‘Freedom! Freedom! Hear the bugle call:

“Freedom For All Forever.”

Uncle Sam is fighting for freedom for us all,

“Freedom For All Forever.”

The world will see our battle front

Is part of heaven’s wall,

Behind it only charity,

Its love embracing all,

Would tie a banner ’round the world,

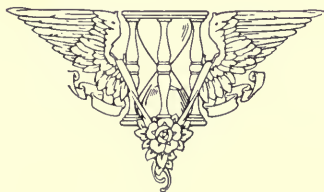
And on it write the call:

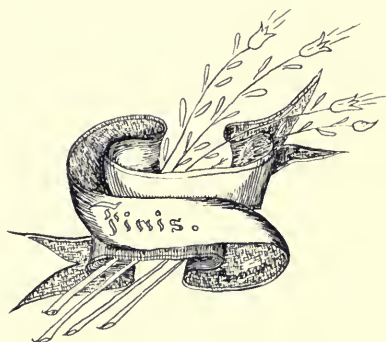
“FREEDOM FOR ALL FOREVER.”

FREEDOM FOR ALL

CHORUS:

Freedom, it's freedom, bursts the bands from all
"Freedom For All Forever."
Uncle Sam will win the war
With heaven's mighty call:
"Freedom For All Forever."







UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 044 867 8

